THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

VOL. I. *PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER* 1, 1804. No. 12.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. PUBLISHED BY ABR. VICKERS, AT NO. 77, NORTH THIRD STREET, WHERE SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS (*post paid*), WILL BE GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

OLD MAID.

Under the direction of the worthy Mr. Jackson, my understanding became enlightened, and the amiable qualities of my beloved relation excited emulation in my mind. I wished to imitate those virtues which called forth my admiration; and the impetuosity of my disposition seemed imperceptibly to subside. If I possess an excellence, to her example it must be attributed; if I have fewer vices than the generality of young men, it must be ascribed to her advice; for depraved must have been that being who had so bright an example before him, and yet suffered the impulse of his passions to lead him into crimes!

At the expiration of a twelvemonth, I was entered at St. John's College: and every wish of my heart most liberally supplied; for my aunt seemed to feel for me all that tenderness which the most affectionate of mothers could experience towards a son. I had spent three vacations in the north, when I received a letter from Mr. Jackson, informing me, that he feared my aunt was dangerously ill; and desiring me immediately to set out for Yorkshire, and travel with all the expedition in my power. This precaution was completely unnecessary; for I felt as if all my happiness was at stake, and actually travelled with such rapidity, as to perform my journey in eight-and-twenty hours.

As I approached the mansion of my beloved benefactress, a universal trepidation seized my frame; and when the carriage stopped, I really was unable to ask the servant, whether this amiable woman was alive. The countenance of the man too plainly convinced me that I had every thing to fear; when Mr. Jackson met me at the door of the parlour, and exclaimed, "thank God, my dear fellow, you are arrived in time!" "In time for what?" I demanded, scarcely knowing what I uttered. "In time to receive the last blessing," said he, "of a dying saint." "Oh, God!" I rejoined, "we must not lose her! For heaven's sake, immediately send to London for advice." One of the first physicians in town, I had the misery of hearing, had declared it was impossible to preserve her life. I therefore endeavored to prepare my mind for the affecting interview; but my feelings were so much affected, that my fortitude failed. I ascended the stairs with a trepidation not to be imagined, and tapped in the gentlest manner at the chamber door, which happened to be exactly opposite the foot of the departing angel's bed. Large drops of perspiration stood upon her pallid countenance, which, in spite of the anguish she suffered, was still illumined by a benevolent smile. "Is it you, my dearest Charles?" said she, in a faint accent, at the same time stretching out her cold clammy hand. I involuntarily dropped upon my knees as I embraced it: and no longer able to restrain my feelings, burst into tears. "You are exhausted by fatigue," continued she, unmindful of her own sufferings---Nurse, get him some refreshment; he looks ready to faint." I could as easily have moved a mountain, as have swallowed a morsel; but, at the persuasion of the dear sufferer, I drank a glass of wine; and seeing me more composed, she requested her attendants to leave us a few minutes alone.

"I am thankful to Providence," said she, pressing my hand to her bosom, "for this happy cessation from pain; for had you arrived a few hours sooner, your feelings would have been shocked at beholding how much I endured. But the dissolution of a connexion so near, as that of the soul and body, is a struggle, which of course must be attended with agony and pain; yet when I look forward to the blessed reward of my sufferings, I ought rather to rejoice, than utter a complaint. I have endeavored to prepare my mind for this awful moment, by leading a religious, and, I hope, a useful life. To you, my dear Charles, I have left the bulk of my property; and relying upon your benevolence, I have entrusted the objects of mine to your care; for I wished you to reap the reward of your own virtuous disposition, rather than to depute you as my agent in their affairs. If you should abuse the confidence I have placed in you; if, from the versatility of human nature, your disposition should change, then shall I have reason to regret my misplaced reliance upon your virtue; and you will be called to a severe account at the awful day of Christ! But I have studied your character from the moment I first knew you, and have only to entreat that you will follow the amiable dictates of your heart; and then, my dear Charles, when you are called upon to give an account of your conduct, you will feel as composed and as happy as your aunt. The school which I have established, will not require the aid of your benevolence; for the original fund will be adequate to its support; yet I trust you will inspect the regulation of each department, and not suffer the unfortunate to deplore my loss."

Here the voice of my beloved benefactress failed her; but with additional energy, she grasped my hand, whilst I assured her, in broken accents, that her wishes should be the rule of my life.---Though speech had failed her, she motioned to me to quit the apartments. I therefore rang the bell, and summoned the nurse; and before I could reach my friend, Mr. Jackson, her spotless spirit had taken its flight. To say that I felt grieved at the loss of this amiable woman, is faintly to describe what I endured; for she was at once mother, sister, friend, and preceptress, to me, and had inspired the most grateful emotions in my heart.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

LOUISA,

The unfortunate celebrated *lady of the haystack*, who about the year 1783, was found to have taken up her residence under that shelter in the parish of Bourton, near Bristol, in a state of melancholy derangement. She then appeared to be under twenty years of age. This very extraordinary woman, whose "tale of woe" was first told to the public by Miss Hannah Moore, has naturally ceased for a considerable time past to interest the general curiosity. During several days of her obode under the haystack (from which she at last permitted herself to be removed with reluctance) she was visited

and irregularly fed, by the country people, till the hand of more happy sympathy and compassion provided her better protection. As her name was unknown, she was immediately distinguished by that of Louisa. It may be gratifying to many on this occasion, to learn, that, during a considerable interval, in which she afterwards remained in retirement, and before she was admitted as incurable into the asylum in which she died, she was chiefly supported by a voluntary subscription, under the management of Miss Hannah Moore and her sisters. These active advocates of humanity, who never yet began a good work and grew weary of well-doing, having lost the pecuniary assistance of most others, continued to supply the extra wants and accommodations of the poor solitary stranger, at the expence of more than 10l. per annum, till her decease. They would be the last to wish that such an instance of benevolence should be publicly mentioned; but it is a tribute due, not less to them, than to the interests of society. The same kind, and much the same degree of mental derangement, which the "tale of woe" described, remained with Louisa to the last. In her general conduct she exhibited the various common evidences of the most confirmed insanity; which, in addition to the contraction of her limbs, from her exposure to cold in the open field, and from her future propensity to remain inactive, rendered her an object of the strongest pity. But her insanity was uniformly remarkable in this, that, however disordered and childish her affections and resentment, she never could be drawn into any explanation respecting her family, her connexions, or her country; however affable and unguarded she might sometimes appear, the moment any person put a question, directly or indirectly, relative to those topics, or made any allusion to them, however distant, she always changed coutenance, assumed an air of suspicion, grew grave, and inflexibly silent----or would touch on some other subject. From her *accent*, she was undoubtedly of German origin; but though she knew little of English, she avoided conversing in any foreign language. Her manners and occasional movements indicated superior rank; and her frequent exclamations of *dear papa!* and *dear mamma!* in connexion with ideas of equipage and ornaments, led to that conclusion. Many endeavors were used on the continent, to trace her family, by circulating her description and story in the public prints, but without effect. The mystery of this silence was too remarkable, not to confirm the first opinion of her being a person above the common classes, with the additional probability of some unhappy and treacherous seduction. This last opinion, from the whole of the distressful evidence, inclusive of the personal part which poor Louisa sometimes involuntarily furnished, is not doubted by those who early saw and closely observed her. The conviction, that it is possible for any man, making pretentions to honor, or even of distinction, from a brutal nature, so to betray, and so to abandon, in a foreign land, youth, beauty, the strongest sensibility, and perhaps the most engaging innocence, fills the mind with the horror of the deed, and with shame and indignation for the character! Such profligacy, in this instance, may have been of foreign production. But comparatively happy would it be for *this* country, also, if instances did not abound among *us*, of similar atrocity, in those who, on inferior occasions, will make high pretensions to honor and principle, but who seek every opportunity of seducing from the abodes of parental affection, or of innocent employment, whatever is the most fair and inexperienced----rioting in its ruin for a short season, and then committing the greater crime of abandonment to infamy. This daughter of misery died in Guy's Hospital, January, 1801.

NARRATIVE,

Of a Hindo Womon, who lately burnt herself on the Funeral Pile of her Husband.

As I was returning from Calcutta, I saw the saharon, or a woman burning herself with the corpse of her husband, for the first time in my life. We were near the village of Nova Serai; as it was evening, we got out from our boat in the river Hoogly, to walk, when we saw a great number of people assembled on the river side. I asked them for what they were met? They told me, to burn the body of a dead man. I enquired whether the wife would die with him? they answered yes, and pointed to the woman.

She was standing by the pile, which was made of large billets of wood, about two feet and a half high, four feet long, and two wide; on the top of which lay the dead body of her husband. Her nearest relation stood by her, and near her was a small basket of sweet-meats, called Kivy. I asked them whether this was the woman's choice, or whether she was brought to it by an improper influence? they answered that it was perfectly voluntary.

I talked till reasoning was of no use, and then began to exclaim with all my might against what they were doing, telling them it was a shocking murder.----- They told me it was an act of holiness; and added in a very surly manner, that if I did not like to see it, I might go further off.

I told them I would not go; that I was determined to stay and see the murder; and that I should certainly bear witness of it at the tribunal of God. I exhorted the woman not to throw away her life, to fear nothing, for no evil would follow her refusal to burn. But she, in the calmest manner, mounted the pile, and danced on it, with her hands extended, as if in the utmost tranquillity of spirit. Previous to her mounting the pile, the relation, whose office it was to set fire to it, led her six times round it at two intervals, that is, thrice at each circumambulation.

As she went round, she scattered the sweet-meats from the basket among the people, who picked them up, and eat them as very holy things.

This being ended, and she having mounted the pile, and danced, as stated above, (which appearance was only designed to shew us her contempt of death, and to prove to us that her dying was voluntary) she then lay down by the corpse, and put one arm under his neck, and the other over it, when a quantity of dry cocoa leaves, and other substances, were heaped over them to a considerable height, and then glue was poured on the top.

Two bamboos were then put over them, and fire put to the pile, which immediately blazed very fiercely, owing to the dry and combustible materials of which it was composed. No sooner was the fire kindled, than all the people set up a great shout *Hurree Bol! Hurree Bol!* which is a common shout of joy, and an invocation of Hurree, the wife of Huror Sieb.

It was impossible to hear the woman, had she groaned, or even cried aloud, on account of the mad noise of the people, and it was impossible for her to stir or struggle, on account of the bamboos, which are held down upon them like the

levers of a press. We made much objection to their using these bamboos, and insisted it was using force to prevent the woman getting up, when the fire burnt her. But they declared it was only done to keep the pile from falling down.

We could not bear to see more, but went away, exclaiming against the murder, and full of horror at what we had seen.

N. Y. Weekly Museum.

Rules Proper to be observed in Trade.

1. Endeavour to be perfect in the calling you are engaged in; and be assiduous in every part thereof:—INDUSTRY being the natural means of acquiring *Wealth*, *Honour*,, and *Reputation*,---as IDLENESS is of *Poverty*, *Shame* and *Disgrace*.

2. Lay a good foundation in regard to principle:---Be sure not wilfully to overreach or deceive your neighbour; but keep always in your eye the golden rule of *Doing as ye would be done unto*.

3. Be strict in discharging all legal debts:---Do not evade your creditors by any shuffling arts, in giving notes under your hand, only to defer payment:---But, if you have it in your power, discharge all debts when they become due.---Above all, when you are straitened for want of money, be cautious of taking it up at an high interest.---This has been the ruin of many, therefore endeavour to avoid it.

4. Endeavour to be as much in your shop or warehouse, or in whatever place your business properly lies, as possibly you can:---Leave it not to servants to transact; for customers will not regard them as yourself; they generally think they shall not be so well served: besides, mistakes may arise by the negligence or inexperience of servants; and therefore your presence will prevent, probably, the loss of a good customer.

5. Be complaisant to the *Meanest*, as well as to the *Greatest*:---You are as much obliged to use good manners for a farthing as a pound; the one demands it from you as well as the other.

6. Be not too talkative, but speak as much as is necessary to recommend your goods; and always observe to keep within the rules of decency.---If customers slight your goods, and undervalue them, endeavour to convince them of their mistake, if you can, but not affront them:—Do not be pert in your answers, but with patience hear, and with meekness give an answer; for if you affront in a small matter, it may probably hinder you from a future good customer. They may think that you are dear in the articles they want; but, by going to another, may find it not so, and probably may return again; but if you behave rude and affronting, there is no hope either of returning, or their future custom.

7. Take great care in keeping your accounts well: Enter every thing necessary in your books with neatness and exactness; often state your accounts, and examine whether you gain or lose; and carefully survey your stock, and inspect into every particular of your affairs.

8. Take care, as much as you can, whom you trust: Neither take nor give long credit; but, at the farthest, annually settle your accounts.---Deal at the fountain-head for as many articles as you can; and, if it lies in your power, for ready money: This method you will find to be the most profitable in the end.---Endeavour to keep a proper sortment in your way, but not overstock yourself.---Aim not at making a great figure in your shop in unnecessary ornaments, but let it be neat and useful; too great an appearance may rather prevent than engage customers.---Make your *business* your pleasure, and other attainments will only appear necessary for relaxation therefrom.

9. Strive to maintain a *fair character* in the world; that will be the best means for advancing your credit, gaining you the most flourishing trade, and enlarging your fortune.---Condescend to no mean action, but add a lustre to trade, by keeping up to the dignity of your nature.

THE BAD HUSBAND RECLAIMED.

MRS. CORBET, an amiable and exemplary woman, was under the necessity of retiring with her infants, from a negligent husband, to the house of a near relation. Finding life, without his companion, joyless and uncomfortable, irritated by some real or imaginary affront from her friends, and mortified by the apparent neglect of one, whom, notwithstanding his imprudence, he still loved, the unhappy husband had, in a moment of discontent, published an angry advertisement, in which he warned tradesmen against trusting his wife.----- Vexed at such indecorum, and want of feeling, and angry at being accused as the producer of calamities, which had been notoriously brought on by the conduct of her yokefellow, she answered him by the same channel, and in the following words: "Whereas my husband has cautioned tradesmen against trusting me, and laid much stress on my quitting him, as if it arose from any fault of mine, I conceive it would be unjust to myself, as well as my sex, to submit any longer to so cruel and unjust an accusation; I therefore beg leave to inform the public, that, by his idleness, and perpetual absence from home, he compelled me to seek support for myself and a helpless infant from the kindness of my relations. His caution against my running him in debt, is ridiculous, as he well knows nobody will trust him with sixpence. But notwithstanding what has passed, I am still ready to forget and to forgive, and will immediately receive him as a tender and faithful wife, if he thinks he has sufficient resolution to forsake the expensive licentiousness of his manners, and will endeavor to regain his lost credit as a father and a master of a family. In the mean time, I think it necessary to caution all persons against trusting him on any account, while we are separate."

This fair vindicator of her honor as a wife and mother, happily recovered her infatuated wanderer, and restored him to that domestic peace and satisfaction, which can only be insured by a conscientious discharge of our social duties.

LONDON, *July 7.*

The long-rumoured invasion, many correspondents from the coast persist in saying, will take place in the course of next week. Without pretending to know the day or the week, however, we are apt to think, that the time is not very remote, when the contest between the two countries will be decided. The very formidable preparations all along the extensive coast of the enemy from Brest to the Texel, we think evince Bonaparte's determination of making the experiment. We ought not therefore to relax a single moment, in our arrangements for defence.

MARRIED,

At Nazareth, Penn. on the 24th ult. JOHN JORDAN, merchant, of this city, to ELIZABETH HENRY, daughter of William Henry, Esq.

On the 25th, JOHN RILEY, of Norfolk, Virginia, to ANN HILL PHILLIPS, of this city.

On the 26th, JOHN SINKET, to SARAH DOWNING, both of Germantown.

ON HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Such are thy plagues, DISEASE, a bitter foe
To man, the bane of happiness below;
Palsies and apoplexies form thy train,
And own subjection to thy tyrant reign;
Contagious fevers follow at thy heels,
Thy mantle pining atrophy conceals;
Inflated hydropsy, a frightful bulk,
Drags after thee his swoln and wat'ry hulk;
Another of thy pests wou'd curse the land,
Had not the healing JENNER seiz'd his hand;
Long had man trembled at his hateful name,
Till Moses wav'd his rod, and Jenner came.
Oh! direful fiend, with garments roll'd in blood,
First dy'd in deep Avernus' dusky flood,
Thy palm is poison'd; thy malignant art
Taught the wild Indian where to dip his dart;
Nay, lent to Sacrilege her pois'nous aid,
And gave the monk a draft thy hands had made;
Thy ministers the dire ingredients bring
Which plunge in scenes untry'd a British King*;
See how he quaffs the sacrilegious wine
Which hurls him from an altar to a shrine;
Convuls'd and trembling he obeys her call,
Whilst ruthless Superstition mocks his fall;
The altar groans, the consecrated flame
Burns pale to seek his rack'd and tortur'd frame.
The priest's dark visage sinks into his breast,
Hid in a folding sacerdotal vest.
"How my soul shudders at the horrid view,
And shrinks appall'd from the infernal crew!
Yet do thy footsteps, HOWARD, undismay'd
Pursue these guilty terrors in the shade;
And, as the ancient messenger of God
Wav'd o'er th' infected host the sacred rod,
Expell'd the dismal clouds of low'ring night,
And put the armies of Disease to flight;
So does a HOWARD, herald of his love,
Shew man on earth the wonders from above.
"Let not my Muse forget a grateful land,
Which first a tribute to thy mem'ry plann'd.
Thy modest worth, which seeks not outward glare,
Nor the vain incense of the world to share,
But with an inward secret pleasure glows,
Which from the source of conscious goodness flows,
Forbade her hand to aggrandize thy fame,
A deed which adds fresh lustre to thy name.
Why idly plan the monumental bust,
To snatch thy merits from th' oblivious dust?
The hand of Time would, each revolving day,
Wear its engraven characters away;
The sculptur'd panegyric soon is gone,
And leaves a blank obliterated stone:
But thy immortal worth shall reach the skies,
Superior to the wreck of time shall rise,
Beyond a Northcote's utmost skill shall live,
And all that his most labour'd touch can give;
And though a guardian spirit has convey'd
Thy soul, untainted, from life's dreary shade,
To those bright mansions, those ethereal plains,
Where white-rob'd Charity with Justice reigns;
Still shall the poet's tributary lyre
Instruct succeeding ages to admire,
With rapt'rous string resume thy hallow'd fame,
And to sublimer notes attune thy name."

* King John, said to have been poisoned by a monk.

THE ABBEY.

'Twas where LA TRAPPE had rais'd his savage seat,
Of grief and piety, the last retreat;
And dark the rocks, and dark the forest lay,
And shrill the wind blew o'er the Abbey grey,
House of remorse—of penitence and care,
Its inmate Grief, its architect Despair!
The shepherd from the stony pasture flies,
No music warbles in those silent skies:
Where in the wilderness the cypress waves,
The pale-ey'd vot'ries hover round their graves;
Silence and Solitude perpetual reign
Around this hermit family of pain!
Mark the dread portal!—who, without a tear,
Forgets the murmuring earth, to enter HERE!
As the deep solitude more sternly grows,
With social tenderness, the pilgrim glows;
And while he reads the awful lines above,
Turns to his native vale, and native love.
"Lo, Death, the pale instructor! guards this porch,
And Truth celestial, waves her mighty torch!
Far from the world's deceiving path we fly,
To find a passage to ETERNITY!
All are not sinners here!—these walls detain
Much injur'd loves—the men of softer vein!
Hope to their breast, in fond delirium springs;
The laugher, while she charm'd, conceal'd her wings;
And, from her lap, the copious seeds she threw,
Which never to the eye of promise grew."

I. D'ISRAELI.

ON RELIGION.

Hail, gentle Piety! unmingled joy,
Whose fulness satisfies, but ne'er can cloy;
Spread thy soft wings o'er my devoted breast,
And settle there an everlasting guest:
Religion prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate.

LAVINIA SOPHIA.

ODE TO GENIUS.

PARENT of every noble thought,
Thy influence o'er my fancy fling;
Thy lively, cheering ray I sought,
When first I struck the quiv'ring string.
From Heaven descends thy glowing flame,
Thy ardent thirst, thy wish for fame,
And grav'd by it in every human breast,
With diamond trace, for ever lives imprest.
Tho' young in years, my soaring mind
Has often felt thy sov'reign pow'r,
Has trac'd thy page, thy taste refin'd,
And happy sooth'd the passing hour;
Or read thy darling Milton's song,
To whom each winning grace belong:
Each thought that can the mind inspire,
Each kindling flame of heavenly fire.

Thy Thomson, too, can charm my soul,
And claims my equal meed of praise;
For in his page the *Seasons* roll;
Fit subject for a poet's lays.
And when thy Pope his numbers sung,
And ev'ry string so graceful strung,
Thou spread'st thy hovering wings around,
And enraptur'd heard his harp resound.

Ere first the Almighty Maker form'd
His creature, Man, from dust of earth,
Thou sprang'st to light, by Him inform'd,
And stood presiding at his birth.
To thee 'twas given his soul to sooth,
And aid his mind in search of truth,
To teach his voice the song to raise,
And spend his hours in heavenly praise.

"Then, parent of each lovely Muse,
"Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse;"
Shed around thy piercing rays,
And inspire my youthful lays:
With thee let Fancy oft unite,
And prolong each day's delight,
And at the awful midnight hour,
Still let me own thy mighty power.

MARY.

THE FIRE FLY.

Little rambler of the night,
Where and whence thy glowing light?
Is it form'd of ev'ning dew?
Where and whence thy brilliant hue?
Hark! methinks, a voice replies,
"He that form'd the azure skies,
Great in least, and good to all,
Lord of man, and insect small,
He it was, that made this vest,
Search, adore—nor know the rest."

Little rambler of the night,
Blessed be this voice of thine!
He that cloth'd thy form in light,
Is the God of me and mine:

Go, enjoy in verdant fields,
What his royal bounty yields;
Nip the leaf, or taste the flow'r;
Sup in Nature's roseate bow'r;
Filling full the span that's giv'n,
With the boons of gracious Heav'n.